THE LILY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY,

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Written for The Lily.

SONG--I DREAM OF A HAPPIER TIME.

TUNE—*I dream of my fatherland.*

I dream, I dream of a happier time,
When the world shall all be free;
When the storms of sorrow, and vice, and crime,
On the earth no more shall be.
Ah yes! I dream of those joyous hours;
The wildest of visions could will;
But I wake from this happy dream to find,
The world is sinful still.

Many, oh many, have visions and dreams,
Of a future bright and fair;
Where love's pure sunlight serenely gleams,
O'er a bright world everywhere.
But soon from those happy dreams they wake,
And start with wild surprise,
To find the future of which they dream,
Far down time's valley lies.

Yet lovely and sweet is the faith of that heart,
Which always hopes for the best;
And strives in life's toils to bear its part,
And looks for the promised rest.
Ever to such shall the radiant gleams
Of a happier time be given,
And such shall realize their dreams,
And share in the bliss of heaven.

SYRACUSE, ILL., June, '54. J W. C.

[ORIGINAL.]

A BOQUET.

Ladies, would you twine a boquet
Of the fairest flowers of spring,
Whose sweet fragrance to your dwelling,
The perfume of Truth shall bring?
'Mid the blossoms of the wildwood, of the garden and the dell,
'Mid the violets loved of childhood,
Twine the pure, sweet "Lily bell."

CARRIE.

The best part of human qualities is the tenderness and delicacy of feeling in little matters, the desire to soothe and please others—minutæ of the social virtues. Some ridicule these feminine attributes, which are left out of many men's natures; but I have known the brave, the intellectual, the eloquent, to possess these gentle qualities; the braggart, the weak, never! Benevolence and feeling ennoble the most trifling actions.

☞ A man may have a thousand intimate acquaintenances and not one friend among them all. If you have one friend think yourself happy.

From the National Era.

THE DISAPPOINTED WIFE.

BY LIZZIE LINN.

CHAPTER I.

"With easy freedom and gay address,
A pressing lover seldom wants success."

'Mr. Sneeks is very particular in his attentions. I more than half believe the rumor.'

'What does rumor say?'

'Just what she always does when a spruce young widower is making low bows to handsome young widows like yourself.'

Mrs. Eldridge colored slightly, but her brother continued—

'Sneeks—Sneeks! That's a hard name, Mary, it's suggestive. However, I know nothing against the man. But if my sister chooses to marry, she can form as advantageous and as honorable a connection as she pleases, There are plenty of good men in the market, and it rather surprises me that Mr. Sneeks is the favored suitor,'

'Why so? What objection is there to him?

'I know but little about him, and I fear you are not so well informed as you should be. But, whether you marry him or another, Mary, allow me to advise you on one point. Mr. Eldridge left you the unconditional possessor of a handsome estate; you have now not less than fifteen thousand dollars in the bank, and a good deal of personal property besides. We have a statute law in this State which enables you to retain possession of all this, if you choose to do so. The property was designed for your own especial benefit, and I do hope you will never be so foolish as to surrender it into the hands of another. Should you do so, you would be unjust to yourself and also to him who so kindly provided for your wants.'

Mrs. Eldridge threw up her head and shook back her glossy curls; then fixing her eye upon her brother, she said very emphatically,

'Do you think I would marry a man I cannot trust with money? Do you think I could entertain a suspicion of that man's integrity to whose keeping I should commit my happiness for life? I have never found it necessary to control 15 thousand dollars, or, indeed, any stipulated sum, and trust I never shall; and yet all my wants have been supplied.'

'Mary, you know but little of the world. You were our only sister, our pet, our idol. Your brothers were all happy to serve you, any one of them would almost have sacrificed himself for your sake. Our father and our mother were wholly devoted to their children, and you were the most dearly cherished, the most tenderly cared for. You grew up in an atmosphere of love and kindness. You married; and, fortunately, married one in every way worthy. Charles Eldridge was 'one of God's noblemen.' Your domestic relations proved a blessing to both. No rude breath of heaven has ever been allowed to visit you; and not until Charles died, did you know aught of affliction. You must not judge mankind by your own experience. Men are selfish, avaricious, and sometimes meanly dishonest. You are trusting, unsuspicious, and that is the beauty of your character. I hope you will never be otherwise. But, Mary, take my advice in this matter. No harm can ever come of keeping possession of this competence. Supposing your future husband, whoever he may be, should embark in speculation—should engage in some hazardous and unsuccessful enterprise—your entire means, if you allow him to use them, might be absorbed; or supposing, and you will forgive me for casting a shadow upon your hopes—that he should prove unworthy of your affections—he should be a mean, miserable being or a spendthrift—you might suffer, might actually be reduced to want.'

Mrs. Eldridge was somewhat moved by this speech, but she affected gaiety and replied:

'When I am badly treated, I will call upon my four brothers to avenge me. The course you recommend would lay the foundation for discord. I know nothing of business, and this would embarrass any one who might be doing it. Suspicion is on the face of the whole arrangement. It is saying, I will take you and try you for a hubsand, but I have not confidence enough to trust you with my money. Oh! George, I should despise myself for marrying one of whom I had the slightest doubt, I should be ashamed to stand at the bridal altar and give myself away, and withhold my means. Don't you think I value myself more highly than I do my gold and silver?' added she with a laugh.

Mr. Shelton urged the subject no further; but he made an impression on the mind of his sister; and on the coming evening she determined to sound Mr. Sneeks on that point, though she would do it in such a way that he would not suspect her motives. A good opportunity occurred; for Miss Walton, an acquaintance of theirs in the city, was about to be married.

'Mr. Suffrance steps into quite a fortune,' observed Mr. Sneeks. 'Mr. Walton gives his daughter $50,000.'

'Yes,' replied the lady, 'but you know how it is given? It is all secured to her—she has no power to transfer a dollar of it for his use.'

'Ah! I had no thought of that. Suffrance will excuse himself then, I presume, from fulfilling his part of the contract.'

'Why, you do not think he is marrying for money?'

'Not at all. But no man of spirit would go into a family where there are such palpable suspicions of ability and integrity.'

Had Mrs. Eldridge scrutinized the face of her lover, she would have discovered far more feeling in this remark than the careless manner in which it was uttered would evince.

'Fortune-hunters,' he continued, 'I despise. But a man has a right to the confidence of his affianced, her friends; and he does himself injustice by forming a connection when it is withheld.'

Mrs. Eldridge mustered courage to say 'men are sometimes unfortunate in business, and this may be designed to provide for such emergencies, to save the family from poverty and ruin.'

'When a man and a woman enter that holy relation, they ought not only to unite their hearts and hands, but their interests—their fortunes. Let them rise or fall together; let them remain side

by side, whether on the wave of prosperity, or in the depth of adversity.'

Mrs. Eldridge said nothing.

'Now, why do you torture me by delaying our union? Come, dear Mary, say that we shall marry next week.'

'Next week! Oh! that is very soon.'

'It seems an age to me,' said he with a heavy sigh

Next week came, and before its close the happy, gay and independent Mrs. Eldridge was the happy, gay, but dependent Mrs. Sneeks. They concluded to live on a farm, and a very desirable one in that neighborhood, was then for sale.

'It would be impossible for me to command the means now to purchase that place. I could not sell my property without a sacrifice.'

"Oh what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal."

Mrs. Sneeks proposed that the farm should be purchased with her money, and this was accordingly done. A due supply of stock and farming utensils were procured; and thus was invested not less than twelve thousand dollars. In a town near by, was a house and lot for sale, which could be had for three thousand, though that was not half the real value.

Both husband and wife thought this a very desirable investment; consequently it was made; and this consumed all Mrs. Sneeks' ready money. This property, both the farm and that in town, was conveyed, as property usually is, to the husband. Arrangements were duly made, and this happy pair commenced their new life in the country with decided satisfaction.

CAAPTER II.

"Think'st thou there is no tyranny
But that of blood and chains?"

Mr. Sneeks was very well pleased with his wife, and very well pleased with his farm. One could hardly fail of being satisfied with her. She was very attractive in person, and amiable in disposition; she had never had aught to make her otherwise. It is true she had loved before, but what of that? Shallow fountains are exhausted at a single flow; but deep, living waters flow on forever, and if obstructed in one direction, they seek another channel.

Had he not loved before? And was he not forty-five? And, besides, he was a grand-father—little Charley Godfrey was his only daughter's child.

Mrs. Godfrey lived near Mr. Shelton, and was known in that neighborhood as a haughty, insolent woman, often abusing her servants, and sometimes her neighbors. The father, Mr. Sneeks, who paid her a visit occasionally, was thought to be a very different person. With a p'easing exterior and good address, he was always received, among strangers, with much favor. Those who were more intimately acquainted knew that he was one of those unbalanced, weak-minded brethren, who cannot bear the slightest prosperity. It made a fool of him, and a tyrant besides. He had had his ups and downs all through life—now 'dressed in a little brief authority,' and playing the despot—and anon a fawning parasite, as servile as any subject of the Czar. Had Mrs. Sneeks taken her brother's advice—retained the power, alias the money, in her own hands—she might have lived comparatively happy, for her husband had some good traits of character—who has not? A few months were spent very pleasantly, and then the wishes of his wife seemed to be less regarded.

'What do you think of selling Jerry?' inquired Mr. Sneeks, one morning.

'Jerry! Why, I could not do without him. I should as soon think of selling my wardrobe.'

'A man here has taken a great fancy to him. He offers me $150 for him, and that is twice as much as he is worth.'

'I don't know about that; Jerry is worth that to me. Mr. Eldridge bought him for my use; he is equally good under the saddle or in harness, and I shall never think of parting with him.'

'I guess you will,' Mr. Sneeks thought as he left the house. 'You will find that I happen to be master here. I have nearly everything in my own hands now, not excepting your pretty self, and you must not set up your will in opposition to mine.'

The horse was sold, and the owner was quite too amiable to fret or show any ill humor, but she felt grieved. She loved Jerry almost as a friend, and there were many pleasant memories connected with his use; and indeed, when she wanted to go abroad alone, how could she go without him? Her independence was abridged, and she felt it keenly.

She had but very partially recovered from this affair, before her master suggested that a very valuable watch should be disposed of, which belonged to her former husband.

'You know it is altogether too large for you,' said he. 'It will bring enough to buy a lady's watch and a hundred dollars besides. That could be placed at interest. I always like available property best.'

'I would rather not part with the watch, Mr. Sneeks. I wish you would not ask me for it.'

'I think that I had better sell it, my dear; I want to learn you to be a good financier.'

And by a little kissing and flattering he obtained possession.

Mrs. Sneeks did not give up the watch willingly. At the time, her lips trembled, and her eyes filled; then hurrying to her room and fastening the door, she threw herself upon the bed and burst into a flood of tears. She presumed Mr. Sneeks was right—it would be better to have money at interest than in a watch. Still there was a sacredness about the articles in her eyes; and to a poetic soul everything is sacred that belonged to a friend—the book, the watch, the plant, even, that was tended and watered by a loved one now in the spirit-land, binds itself to the heart with a tie which it is sacrilege to sever.

Besides the horse and watch, Mr. Sneeks sold a buggy and some other property at that time; amounting in all to some five hundred dollars. His wife wondered why he did this, and what he would do with the proceeds; but it was not for her to look into business matters, so no inquiries were made. The truth, however, wes inadvertently thrust upon her.

A stranger had called at her house several times within a few weeks, and during one of his visits, the door was slightly ajar, and she being in an adjoining room overheard the following:

'They say you got a good haul with the widow. By George! fifteen thousand dollars sets a man on his feet, even though he has a few debts to pay.'

A long pause ensued, then the stranger spoke again:

'You must pay me more than this before I leave. I must have one thousand dollars more.'

'I cannot raise that amount at present,' said Mr. Sneeks. I acknowledge the debt, of course, but I cannot meet it fully at present.'

'Don't put me off in that way. I am not a young one to be sucked in with such pretensions. You shall pay me, or I will expose you, as sure as you're a live man. That new wife of yours shall know——'

'Hush! hush! What's the use of blabbing you d—d ——!'

The epithet Mr. Sneeks would have used seemed to die upon his lips. He walked nervously around the room, and finding the door ajar, he closed it with much violence.

'That new wife shall know!' Shall know what thought she. A chilling heaviness of heart at once oppressed her; a recoil of affection made her shudder. After a time her thoughts reverted to other interests. 'And so my good old Jerry and Mr. Eldridge's watch, and the buggy, and other things have gone to pay Mr. Sneeks' debts. Now that is wrong, all wrong,' mused the agitated woman.

She felt very uncomfortable after hearing the above; but she was such a loving, trusting creature, that many days had not elapsed before her spirits gained their former tone. The affectionate part of her nature alone had been developed. Her husband seemed to doat upon her as at first; and she soon dismissed all fears that there had been anything wrong in his former life.

Occasionally that threat would ring in her ear, 'I'll expose you!' but she consoled herself with the flattering unction—the best of men have been guilty of indiscretion some time in their life, and I presume this was nothing very bad.'

Scarcely a year had, however, elapsed, before the wife found herself restricted in various directions. Mr. Sneeks interested himself in a great many little matters around the house, that she had no idea men ever meddled with.

'What are you going to do with that bread?' asked he, alluding to a piece that Alice, the kitchen girl, was putting into a basket.

'That is for Mrs. Shepard,' said the mistress, in a gay, good humor; 'and Alice,' added she, 'get a piece of that butter you churned to-day, and that little pie, and put it in.'

'Are you sending food to that old womaneve-ry day?'

'No, not every day. I send it as often as she needs it. It is a very little, however, that she does not need from me. Mother Shepard was our nurse. She raised all my mother's children, and we are not only under obligations to take care of her, but it is pleasure to do so. She prefers being near me, and never, while I have any property, shall she suffer.'

'While you have any property,' repeated Sneeks, sneeringly. 'Now I tell you stop this. I will have nothing of the kind. I am not going to support that old crone.'

Mrs. Sneeks turned around and looked him full in the face to see what he meant. His brow was contracted, and he looked sullen and determined. She stood as if petrified. The farm yielded an abundance of everything to eat, and could she not have the privilege of giving bread to her dear old nurse—to her from whom she had derived her own subsistence in the first year of her life? She made no reply—she knew not what to say. She was in amaze. She knew not how she got there, and why she could not get out.

Thenceforth the wants of mother Shepard were supplied privately. She lived about eighty rods distant, and Mrs. S. was obliged to steal away and carry food, unknown to her husband, and during his brief visit to the lower part of the farm, she would sometimes send Alice with a fresh loaf or some other necessary.

'Go just as quick as you can,' she would say. Now you must get back before Mr. Sneeks comes home.'

Sometimes she would attempt to laugh about it, and then add—'You know Mr. Sneeks don't like mother Shepard, so don't say a word about it, but run quick. I will scrub while you are gone.'

She began to feel, ere long, that this was a miserable way of living. She had never practiced deception before, and she despised it. She lowered herself in her own estimation—it was mean to do this. But what shall we say of the spirit that brought her into circumstances that forced her to act contrary to her own convictions of propriety?

Mr. Sneeks appeared to have a great passion for trading, but he generally made bad bargains. He urged the selling of the house and lot in town and buying of a less valuable place, to which his wife consented. He sold a large amount of property and bought comparatively little. What was done with the balance of the funds, his companion never knew. He was in the habit of visiting the city frequently, which was only two hours' ride, by railroad, from his own home. Although he generally said he should return the next day, yet he often staid a week, and sometimes a fortnight. This annoyed her exceedingly. She knew that he always went with his pocket-book well filled, and came back with it entirely empty; but she cared less for that than his absence, and the mystery that hung over his stay.

Mr. Sneeks was not a professed gambler, but he played sometimes; neither was he a habitual tippler, nor notorious for his dissolute habits; still, he had his sprees occasionally, and very high ones they were. They were always taken abroad, and then he not only spent all the funds he had with him, but also involved himself to a larger amount. In three years from the time they were married, he had squandered not less than five thousand dollars that belonged to his wife.

What strange ideas those English law-makers had, to write down woman among minors, idiots, &c., and then not throw around her property the safeguards that are thrown around the inheritance of those classes! If she is ignorant of that which closely pertains to her best interests—if she is

foolish, and surrenders, in a dream of love, her possessions, under the unwarrantable belief that her future husband can do no wrong—then she needs protection. But instead thereof, she is entangled in difficulties, while the bad man avails himself of the abundant facilities offered for evil doings.

Mrs. Sneeks felt rather uneasy about their pecuniary affairs, and often said to herself, 'I wonder if a woman can restrain her husband from wasting her property. Perhaps I ought to have taken my brother's advice, but it looked so absurd.'

CHAPTER III.

"He lacks not gall to make oppress bitter."

Alice had lived with Mrs. Sneeks for many years, but at length she married, greatly to the sorrow of the mistress. 'You must go to-day, Mr. Sneeks,' said the latter 'and get another girl. I can do without no longer. I never worked half so hard in my life as I have the last week.'

But week after week, and month after month passed, and yet no help was obtained. She could not go herself, she had no horse to go with, and Mr. Sneeks would not go. Whether he was governed by advice, or by ugliness, it was difficult to tell. Mrs. Sneeks worked herself down so thin that she seemed nearly as unsubstantial as a shadow. All through haying and harvesting the house was filled with laborers, and yet she did the work herself; and sometimes when she was ready to drop down with fatigue, with a trembling in every limb, he would come and begin to fret.

'Come! come! isn't dinner ready? The men are all waiting. I could get a dozen dinners before this time. Come, boys, come! Put on the pudding, wife.'

On one of these occasions, when it was exceedingly warm, and every fibre of her system had been taxed to its utmost tension, he began very impatiently—

'How long before dinner will be ready? just tell me that.'

'Very soon,' replied the wife, and she stepped the quicker, and her hand flew the faster. Her face was red as living coals, and the perspiration was running from every pore.

'Did you mend my pants this morning?'

'I did not, and had not time.'

'Time! I never saw such a slow, moping creature as you are! Now, I want those pants, I can get nothing done unless I do it myself. How on earth you spend your time, the Lord only knows. You accomplish the least of any person I ever saw!'

Mr. Sneeks, I do all that I'—

Her utterance was checked; she could say no more. The big tears chased each other down her cheeks, but she hardly dared take time to wipe them away. Then, too, another invective followed, which urged her onward.

'Come. don't stop to snivel now!'

Presently Sneeks returned from the cellar, where he had been sneaking about to see what he could find amiss. His face portended a still heavier storm.

'Did you know that the beer was out of the barrel?' said he, almost grinding his teeth with rage.

'I supposed it was nearly gone.'

'And yet you have brewed no more. The men can't drink water, you know that.'

'Well, Mr. Sneeks, how could I brew this morning?'

'How could you brew? I guess you will find out how you could. I am not going to support you in idleness, my pretty lady.'

This was too much. The poor woman groaned aloud, and sunk into a chair. She was overpowered by his unkindness, by his reproaches and threats. Her heart seemed crushed, and torn fibre from fibre. She was wholly exhausted; her strength was all spent. She could not rise, she could scarcely move. She closed her eyes, and clasped her hands in agony, saying,

'Oh, God, let me die! Let me hide away in the grave, from this terrible cruelty!'

Sneeks gave a malignant leer, with an expressive ugh!

His wretched companion at length found herself on the bed. How she got there she knew not—she had been bewildered. Instead of the bland and polite gentleman she had married, she awoke to the consciousness that she was mated to a selfish, inhuman wretch—at heart as vulgar and profane as a Southern slavedriver. Her affections, all fresh and vigorous, had reached out and entwined themselves with great tenacity all around, around what? A monster! a vile being, who, like the venomous serpent, had poisoned her whole existence. The earthly future looked as dark as night. She shrank from it; she longed to die. She saw no refuge but the grave. Her situation was aggravated by the loss of her friends. Some had moved to the far West, and others had been swept off by cholera, so that of her father's family not one remained near her—not one to whom she could unburthen her heart—not one to give counsel or help.

Mrs. Sneeks was so exhausted that she fell asleep. Then came pleasant dreams of her dear old home; of those fond brothers, of her sainted mother, whose prayers appeared to her as a seraph's song. More pleasing still was the presence of her former companion. Eldridge was with her. His arm seemed to support her. He bathed her brow, and leaning lovingly over her, said,

'Mary, my dear Mary!'

'Come! come! you going to sleep all day?' bawled out Sneeks, as he opened her door, 'Your kitchen is in a pretty fix.'

Unfortunate being! She was in a paradise a moment since, but in Pandemonium now. Her kitchen was in a deplorable condition. The men had taken their dinners, and eaten it and then left the house with the doors wide open, consequently, the hens and chickens had feasted upon the remnants. They had scratched the pudding dish off the table, and an abundance of bread and meat had been dropped upon the well-scrubbed floor. The cat had upset the cream jar, and its contents had flown in a copious stream across the room. The sun was blazing with great intensity, and the table was black with flies. One would have thought that all the hens and chickens, and all the cats and flies in the neighborhood, had been holding one grand jubilee together.

Mrs. Sneeks heard the voice of a child. It was Charles Godfrey. He and his mother had called, and the child had run into the kitchen, and his mother after him. The latter stationed herself as near the bedroom door as possible, and then relieved her mind in a very loud and emphatic manner:

'And so you are all living together here—cats and hens, pigs and people. Really, father, you have a beautiful housekeeper. I must congratulate you upon the comforts of your home. I came to pay a visit, but I see you are but poorly prepared for company. Come Charlie, let us go,' and the stately widow Godfrey walked to her carriage and drove off.

'Come, Mary, why don't you come?' said Sneeks. 'I want the luncheon for the men.'

The poor victim was again trembling with emotion. That hateful Mrs. Godfrey! Her taunt was almost unendurable.

The luncheon was procured, and Sneeks started for the field.

'Now,' said his wife, 'I must wash the dishes, clean up this house, brew a barrel of beer, mend those pants, and get supper for ten men, and it is now four o'clock.'

All that work Mrs, Sneeks did before she retired; but it was the last she did for six weeks. That night she was attacked by a violent fever, and her life was in peril for days. In her lucid intervals she hoped every hour would be her last. But we cannot die when we would. Her time was not yet. An untaught Irish girl was employed to do the work and nurse the sick. Harvesting was nearly over, and she did better than was expected. Little attention was paid to the sick, but for this the patient did not care. 'Leave me alone; let me die,' was her constant prayer.

CHAPTER IV.

"Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law."

While his wife was yet very feeble, Sneeks went to the city and spent several days in dissipation and nights in rioting. All that time he played largely and incurred heavy debts. Soon after his return he proposed to sell a greater part of the farm, and urged as a reason that they should do so, that there would be less hard work in the house.

Mrs. Sneeks was then very weak both in body and mind, and she had no one to advise her.

'Anything, anything,' thought she, 'so that I need not be such a drudge, and work so much beyond my strength.'

A few days only elapsed before she was called upon to sign a deed, and she placed her name to the document wholly unconscious of the poverty to which she was reducing herself. The magistrate received her testimony that it was done of her own free will, and yet he saw that she was incapable of having any intelligent will about it.

The following winter Mrs. Sneeks passed nearly alone. A man near by was employed to get wood and take care of what little stock they had left. This man was very unfaithful, and she often suffered for fuel, flour and other necessaries. Sneeks spent most of his time in the city, and before spring he became a shameless profligate. One evening in a drunken revel he fell into a quarrel. The combatants were separated, but the memory of the difficulty rankled in the bosoms of both. The next time they met they drew their dirks, and Sneeks was pierced to the heart. "He died as the fool dieth." What a load of cruelty towards her he had sworn to love and cherish—what a mountain of crime he carried up to the throne of the Eternal.

Mrs. Godfrey went to the city and buried her father. She apologized for his reckless conduct by saying—

'His wife was very inefficient, and had no power to make home agreeable. Were it otherwise, he might have been different.'

Base detractor! Mrs. Sneeks was a gentle, loving, faithful woman, and one in every way calculated to make domestic life attractive. It is bad enough to have the trouble without the crime. She did not go to see his remains consigned to their last resting place; her wardrobe was too scanty. Had she attempted to appear abroad, she would have looked like a beggar. Neither did she make a great show of grief; still, she felt the bereavement—she was shocked—she was unutterably desolate. Even a broken reed, that can give no support, we cling to; we would not have it taken away. We shudder, even, when the tie that bound us to a a faithless wretch is broken. Her heart had been rent with many sorrows, the current of her life, that once flowed harmoniously onward through the fields of love and joy, had been turned away backward, and forced to channel its way through a dark and thorny labyrinth, downward and downward, to utter hopelessness and misery. And now, oh! how chilling, and repulsing, and solitary appeared the way!

Legal proceedings were entered into for the settlement of the estate, and of all Mrs. Sneeks' property there remained only the house and twenty acres of land, valued at two thousand dollars. This would have yielded Mrs. Sneeks quite a comfortable living, for her wants were few, and she might have spent her old age in comparative peace, but greatly to her surprise, Mrs. Godfrey was the legal heir; for thus readeth the law. An interest simply, in one-third of the estate, was the scanty pittance allowed her whose funds had bought it all.

'Should you have the place,' said a lawyer whom she was consulting, 'and I suppose you could not live there alone and attend to the farming department—you will receive your share of the income from Mrs. Godfrey.'

'From Mrs. Godfrey! Is my bread to come grudgingly from the hand of that false woman? God forbid that I should ever eat it! This is the last act of humiliation to which I had ever thought of being subjected. Her father has squandered my means; he has wrung out my heart's blood, and exhausted a fountain of tears; and that is not enough, but the law takes my last dollar, and gives it to her who would gladly oppress and grind me into the earth, as he has done. I brought to him youth, hope, affection, all spotless and true; I brought a competence; and they

are all, all gone. Hopes are blasted, affection crushed, premature age is upon me, for even now I tremble as under the weight of years, and the scanty remnant that is left of my means the law filches from me, and gives to my worst enemy; and when I can no longer work I am to beg or starve! Perish all such legislation!" cried the excited woman. 'Oh! how cruelly the world hath dealt with me! I am now homeless, friendless, in want, existence has become a burden, a curse to me.'

Powerful emotion prevented further utterance.

Mrs. Sneeks was thoroughly roused. The unkindness of her husband always grieved rather than offended her. She sunk under it; she could never give the reprimand his conduct so justly merited. But she was aroused on this occasion. No act of his had ever so vexed and irritated her.

Mrs. Sneeks soon left the farm, and sought a home with Mrs. Day—a kind-hearted person who had taken some interest in her and her troubles. She had now lived in the family several years, ostensibly as a friend, but in reality a servant, and received wages in proportion. Mr. Day sometimes collected her income, though it was difficult to do so without a resort to law. Mrs. Godfrey sent her many an insulting letter, one of which read thus:

'I do wish my father could have lived unmarried, and not left a widow on my hands to support. It is as much as I can do to take care of myself and child; so, the fewer demands you make upon me, the better for us all. I presume you are able to get your own living.'

With what torturing recollections did that advice of her brother come up from time to time before the unhappy and disappointed woman. Had she availed herself of it, Sneeks, such was his disposition, would have been, when at home, quite decent and comparatively kind; and at his death she would have been perfectly independent, pecuniarily.

Reader, have now fulfilled my mission, I have told you a sad tale; and I hesitate to exhibit to your view this dark page in human history. The bright and sunny pictures are more pleasing to us all: but Mrs. Sneeks gave me the leading incidents in this sketch, requesting that I should give them to the world. She believes, with Dr. Johnson, a person is bound to make some improvement in the chart of life—to point out the rocks upon which he has been dashed, and the shoals where he has been stranded.

A NOVEL REMEDY FOR SWEARING.

The California Christian Advocate, commenting upon the great temptations to the sin of profanity in that country, says:—"An intelligent lady of our acquaintante, whose little boy was beginning this strange talk, anxious to express to her child her horror of profanity, hit upon the novel process of washing out his mouth with soapsuds every time he swore. It was an effectual cure. The boy understood his mother's sense of the corruption of an oath, and the taste of suds, which together produced the desired result."—*Ex.*

Such a remedy is as much needed to wash the profanity out of the mouths of the boys in other places as in California, and we doubt not would prove equally beneficial. We would further suggest to mothers to try the same remedy on the mouths of tobacco-chewing boys—and a few doses administered to grown up boys and men would not be amiss. A clean mouth would certainly be a luxury to the filthy weed-consumers; and those with whom they come in contact would experience a degree of comfort and pleasure never known when in the presence of one who is constantly squirting a spray over their clothes and face, choking and blinding them with smoke, or nauseating and disgusting with his foul breath. The remedy might at least be tried upon young boys with good effect, and we would that mothers generally would both prescribe and administer it. A vast amount of drunkenness, vice and crime would be saved thereby.

THE LILY.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO, JULY 15, 1854

☞ The subscriptions of many of The Lily subscribers expire about this time. We hope they will all renew and send along a goodly number of names to keep them company.

PROGRESS OF WOMAN'S CAUSE.

We noticed in our last number the admission made by a writer in Harper's Magazine that women have "grave legal and social wrongs" as being an evidence of progress at once cheering and encouraging to the advocates of woman's enfranchisement. Harper's Magazine, as we then observed, has ever taken a decided stand against woman's plea for an enlarged sphere of action and duty, and its admission that our laws relating to marital rights are founded upon a "legal lie" is an important step in the right direction.

But it is not in the pages of Harper's Magazine alone, that evidences of a change in public opinion on this subject are to be seen. We find them presenting themselves all about us. It is wonderful to observe the progress which has been made towards securing to woman her long lost rights, within the brief period that this question has been brought prominently before the public. Ten years ago there were few who gave this subject any attention; few who doubted the justice of those laws which transferred the patrimony of the wife to the control of the husband upon her marriage; or gave a thought to that grossly unjust feature of the laws which secures to him the exclusive right to her earnings after marriage. Very few realized the cruelty and injustice of those enactments which place the offspring of such marriage under the control of the husband, and give him a right to dictate as to their education and moral and religious training. The decisions of the Common Law, too, which secure to the husband a species of guardianship over the person of his wife, were looked upon with complacency and acted upon without scruple. True, courts and judges and lawyers had long seen the gross injustice of these laws and decisions, and had endeavored in some instances, by various devices, by rules and exceptions of doubtful legality, to escape from their binding force; but the great mass of the people looked upon them with indifference and submitted to them without a murmur.

And so as to the question of woman's true sphere of labor and duty. Ten years ago, female physicians, female preachers, female lecturers and female editors were very rare, if indeed they existed at all. Colleges for the education of women had hardly been thought of, and few had conceived the idea that women should be educated in the same manner, and fitted for the discharge of the same duties as her brother. How circumscribed too was the field of her employments! How few then thought that woman had a right to labor elsewhere than in the k t hen and the nursery—at the needle and the washtub! How few then dreamed that it was her right to earn her bread in whatever branch of honest industry she might choose to engage!

Upon all these questions how marked has been the change in public opinion—how great has been the progress in the right direction! Now, the laws which transfer the property of the wife to her husband at marriage are almost universally admitted to be wrong in principle and oppressive in practice; and in many of the States they have been repealed, and others, founded upon more just principles, substituted in their place. It is now generally admitted to be grossly wrong to give to the husband the earnings of his wife; and to place her children under his exclusive control, and her own person under his guardianship; and in some of the States changes have been made on these points greatly for the better—although they still come far short of doing her that full justice which she has a right to demand.

And on the subject of woman's education and employments what a change has come over the public mind! We now have colleges and academies where women may acquire an education that will fit them for every profession—and in a few cases along with, and in the same institutions with their brothers. We have now female physicians, preachers, professors, lecturers and editors in goodly numbers. Woman has invaded the workshops, and we find her making our shoes and our clocks, our carriages and our cabinet furniture, printing our newspapers, engraving our pictures and painting our landscapes. We see her standing behind the counter of the merchant and poring over the books in his counting room. True, in some respects this progress has not been as great as we could desire, but it has been great nevertheless. She has done enough to convince herself and the world of the justice of her claims, and her fitness for the discharge of all the duties of an intelligent, independent being.

These things are encouraging. They cheer on the honest, true-hearted laborers in this cause to greater devotion in the work in which they are engaged. They point to a triumph in the future—to the coming of that brighter day when the mists of ignorance and barbarism that have so long rested over the life and hopes of woman shall be dispelled, and when justice and right shall bear sway. For, be it remembered that these things point as unerringly as does the needle to the pole, to that wider and fuller emancipation yet in store for our sex—to the acknowledgment of her civil as well as her social and legal rights. That is the end to which this work constantly approaches—the great object yet to be achieved. And that it will be achieved is, we believe, as certain as that time will continue to roll on its course, and humanity continue its struggle against selfishness, bigotry and wrong in whatever form they may present themselves.

Indeed, the admissions of our opponents are preparing the way for this triumph. What do they say? "Women have grave legal and social wrongs." What do they mean by that? Why they mean this, if they mean anything—that woman is an intelligent being, entitled to act for herself, to think for herself, to judge for herself in all things—that she has a right to her own property, to her own person and to her own children—that she is neither an infant nor an idiot, and that all "laws which deny the individuality of a wife" are a "legal lie" and should be repealed. Well, if this be so—if these laws are all wrong—if woman is thus capable of thinking and acting and judging for herself—if in truth she is an "individual," and not a mere pupil or ward of man, and as such entitled to the control of her own person, property and offspring, it follows of necessity that she must be admitted to the enjoyment of all the rights which are necessary to the full and

faithful discharge of those duties. If she alone is entitled to the control of her own person—if in truth she be neither "an infant nor an idiot," is it not plainly evident that she must have a voice in the enactment of laws and the formation of constitutions by which she is governed and to which she must submit? None but "infants and idiots" are denied this right, and if she be neither the one nor the other, then what is she but a citizen and a voter? If too she is to have the control of her property, she must have a voice in the imposition of taxes and the enactment of laws by which its transfer and descent are regulated. So too of her children; if these are really to be placed under her control and guardianship, and she is to have an equal voice with her husband in their education and management, she ought to have an equal voice in the formation of laws to which her children are to render obedience when they arrive at years of discretion. She ought to have a right to say whether temptations which are calculated to lead them astray shall be suffered to exist—whether the grog shop and the gambling house shall be licensed by civil authority, or be suppsessed by its all-powerful arm.

Thus we see that the half way position now assumed by some on the question of Woman's Rights really yields the whole question and prepares the way for the acknowledgment of all her claims. There is no middle ground on this subject. Woman is either an infant and an idiot and should be treated as such, as she has been by the old law for ages, or she is an intelligent, responsible being, endowed with all the capacities and entitled to all the rights which belong to the most favored class in this or any other country. The first step taken toward undermining the old idea of her inferiority and dependence is in fact a step towards her complete emancipation.

All do not look at the subject thus, but it is because they have not considered it carefully, or appreciated fully the necessary connection which exists between the beginning and the end of this reform. But they will see it more and more clearly as the work goes on. Many who now admit that woman has *legal* wrongs, will soon be brought to see and to admit that she has *civil* wrongs also. Many who are now willing to grant to woman her property rights, will soon be willing to grant her a right to take part in the making of laws by which taxes are imposed upon that property. Many who now look with aversion upon those laws which place the wife under the pupilage of her husband will soon realize the injustice of those constitutional provisions which give to that husband the sole voice in the selection of rulers and the enactment of statutes to which each must equally submit. And thus one after another will the bulwarks of wrong be thrown down—thus step by step will the claims of woman be acknowledged and her sacred rights secured to her.

We have then every reason to take courage and go forward in the work before us. Our cause is right, our demands are just, and our labors will yet be rewarded with abundant success. The day of Woman's redemption draws on apace. Let her be prepared for its coming—prepared to discharge the high and responsible duties which she will be called to perform.

☞Mrs. Gage has returned home after a successful tour in Iowa. The Western papers speak highly of her efforts, and we learn from private sources that her lectures gave great satisfaction to the people among whom she traveled.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

At the meeting of the National Division of the Sons of Temperance, recently held at New Brunswick, it was resolved to admit women to membership *on condition that they neither speak nor vote in the meetings.* In other words, they may pay their dollars to swell the fund in the treasury, and in return have the privilege of sitting through a long evening gazing at the men, and listening with wondering awe to their eloquence; but no matter how strongly they may be inclined to utter a word for the good of the Order, or the cause—no matter how keenly they may feel the wrongs inflicted by the liquor traffic, or how zealous they may be in laboring for its destruction, they must not presume to speak in the presence of their brothers, or expulsion will be the consequence.

Such conditions are insulting to woman and dishonorable to the Sons. Women have not asked to be admitted to the Sons' rooms. The Sons have planned the thing themselves, and carried it out on the Carey and Chambers plan. We hope women will resent the insult—that they will scorn to seek admission to an Order whose By-Laws compel them to silence. There are other Orders where they are admitted freely on terms of perfect and entire equality, and these alone should receive their countenance and support, their assistance and encouragement. In these they may talk or keep silence, vote or not vote, as they please; there is no law to compel them to keep guard over their tongues, or to admonish them of their inferiority and insignificance. Woman's pride should prevent her accepting the conditions offered by the Sons. If she is not capable of taking part in the business of the Order, she is not worthy a seat in their halls; and we believe the majority of the Sons themselves will look upon the matter in the same light.

There is near Trenton, says the Newark *Advertiser*, a woman who is a skilful mechanic. She has made a carriage, and can make a violin or a gun. She is only 25 years old.—*Ex.*

This is told as though it were something wonderful for a woman to have mechanical genius; when the fact is there are thousands all over the country who would make as good mechanics and handle tools with as much skill and dexterity as men, if they were only allowed to make manifest their ingenuity and inclinations. A girl's hands and head are formed very much like those of a boy, and if put to a trade at the age when boys are usually apprenticed, our word for it, she will master her business quite as soon as the boy at the same trade—be the trade what it may. Women really have taste and ingenuity for something beside washing dishes and sewing on buttons, and so people will find out some day, hard as it now is to believe it.

A New paper.—The Women's New York State Temperance Society at its Annual meeting determined upon publishing a paper as the organ of the Society, and devoted entirely to the subjec of Temperance. We learn that Mrs. Mary C. Vaughn has been appointed editor by the Executive Committee. Her name is a sufficient guaranty that it will be conducted with ability.

We understand arrangements are being made for issuing this paper at an early day; but as we have seen no prospectus, we are unable to say what is to be the size or terms of the paper, or how often it is to be issued.

The Literary Journal.—After a long absence the June numbers of this excellent paper have found their way to our sanctum—the two in one wrapper. We began to fear some new misfortune had befallen the new proprietor, or that the Wentworth swindle had borne so heavily upon her as to cause a suspension; but we are happy to learn that such is not the case, and that the publication is continued as usual. We learn from the number for June 15th that the name of the paper was to be changed to The Home Leaf, on the first of July. This is done partly on account of the name being more expressive of the objects of the paper, and partly on account of the odium cast upon it by the Wentworths.

The Home Leaf will be published on the 1st and 15th of every month, by Emily K. Banga. It is well deserving of support and we wish it abundant success.

Terms $1,50 for single copies. Clubs of ten $10, of twenty, $20.

☞Mr. Bloomer has disposed of his interest in the Western Home *Visitor* to Mr. Higgins, by whom its publication will be continued.

This change will in no way effect The Lily, as our business is entirely separate from and independent of that of the *Visitor*. Our office will remain at the old stand where office subscribers will receive their papers as usual.

We learn by a circular sent us that Theodore D. Weld, of Belleville, N. J., is about to transfer his Model School to the Raritan Bay Union, Perth Amboy, N. J., where it will be enlarged in its number of pupils and teachers, and have more ample and varied educational appliances. By those who have heard of Mr. Weld as a teacher, nothing more will be needed than his name to gain for the Rairitan Bay School their confidence and support. Parents may confide their children to his care with the fullest assurance that they will receive the very best moral and intellectual training and instruction.

The school will commence Oct. 1st 1854. Applications for admission may be made to Theodore D. Weld, at Belleville N. J. until Sept. 1st; after that time, at Raritan Bay Union, Perth Amboy N. J.

Graham's Magazine. A new volume of this popular monthly commences with the July number. This number has its usual amount of interesting articles from talented writers, and its engravings, bating the comicalities, are very fine. The "Headsman's Sacrifice" by Ann S. Stephens, will be read with much interest.

☞We have room on our books for a few more names. Will not each of our present subscribers try to obtain one more? We so dislike to see blank pages in a subscription book that we are anxious to fill ours up.

Acknowledgments.—Letters containing money for The Lily have been received from the following persons since June 15th:

Lois K. Noble, Ellen E. Bartow, Phebe Wilbur, M. M. Stewart, Parker C. Morris, E. M. Griffing 4, Dr. A. Clark, Mrs. J. V Hull, Jane Frohock, G. B. Hickox, Eliza Anthony, Wm. Partridge, Mary Macomber, Mrs. J. W. Thomas, W. A. Harrington, Catharine Gage, J. Allen, S. Rhoades, Harrison Thompson, Phebe S. Carpenter, Mrs. A. L. Eddy, H. C. Weir, Emily Ellis, Mrs. M. A. Bronson, L. C. Downs, Mrs. Farmer, A. M. Cory, Maria Mabbett.

For The Lily.

HARPER'S EDITOR AND THE WOMEN.

NO. V.

The Divine command and the Editor's logic are not the only, nor the chief obstacles, which he interposes between woman and her political existence. In addition he says, "There are two antagonists whom the modern advocates of woman's rights find especially in the way. These are the common law and the Apostle Paul."

It is characteristically modest to undertake to define the position of the Apostle upon this subject, with so many centuries intervening between his exodus and its first agitation. If departed spirits are allowed to retrospect far back as the Earth, his must feel particularly gratified with such distinguished consideration. Of course all the negation we of this world can interpose, is, that he has placed the Apostle where he never placed himself. And could he make out that Paul was really the great opponent of woman's freedom; the leading advocate of woman's oppression; the foremost teacher of all mankind of her degradation, he would only prove that Christian Christianity and Pauline Christianity were two very different religions. For it so has happened that Christ in person promulgated the general rules which were to govern the social relations of the human race and dtstinguish his kingdom on Earth. And in all his teachings, no sentiment, or paragraph or word can be found, restrictive in any respect of woman's individualism. The whole spirit and scope are directly the contrary. True, he marked out no particular form of government; prescribed no particular code of municipal laws for the Jew or the Gentile. Such was not his earthly mission. It would have been inconsistent with the great characterism which distinguishes man from the brute—the adaptability of boundless improvement.

But he did unfold to the world a moral code, a philosophy, which ever since has been working a progressive and certain change in human laws and usages. Did Paul teach a different religion, or assume to contravene the instructions of Christ? If so, the Christian and Pauline creeds are distinct and different; and the Editor is at liberty of course in this free country to choose and serve just such Gods as he pleases.

It is no new doctrine that Divinity has fixed one-half of humanity in the chain of being, the bond-slaves of the other half. It is not without its kindred either, for the same school of moralists are devoted to the faith of the rule of the few over the many. It has come down to them from the generations of heathenism, and they have never learned to discriminate that kind of faith from Christian teachings. Therefore they inculcate that religion consists mostly in a blind and thoughtless submission to priests and creeds, the senseless mutterings of formulas and chants, and a stated, hebdomatical round of forms and ceremonies. By similar means the selfish priests of Pagan gods secured their victims. They taught men not to think, but to believe because of sacerdotal sanction. Individual thought was never tolerated. They were careful to take bail that the individual mind should never revolve outside or inside of a certain periphery.

It is not singular either, that a man with the proclivitie and longings exhibited by the Editor should work himself into exstacy in the contemplation of the old common law of England. Hear him: "It is a position that may be triumphantly maintained, that in real respect for woman and her real rights, no system of jurisprudence ever went beyond the gallant old common law of England." By that old Common law, the husband was vested with the prerogative of chastisement of the wife by kicks and blows, and this was not the exception, but in character with the whole. If that is the "real respect" for her "real rights" in which he claims excellence over all other systems of jurisprudence, he is mistaken. The Patagonian Chief and the Australian Cannibal practice the same system. The gallantry of such "real respect" might be appreciated by them, and be a proper subject for discussion. But the Editor must excuse us here; it would as soon be expected that we should discuss the propriety of cannibalism.

But, however formidable the antagonism of the Apostle and the common law, in the opinion of our Editor, he still, in another part of his article, exhibits the same reckless disregard of both, which characterizes the whole production. In other words, he is consistent only in being absurdly inconsistent. Please bear in mind that he cited those authorities against woman's claim to the right of voting and through that as a matter of course to an equal voice in determining the laws to which she must necessarily be subjected. Please also to bear in mind that the right of voting is the substantial claim distinguishing the Woman's Rights party. Now hear what he says in another place; "The wife does exercise the right of suffrage." "Married women do vote." If he is correct in this, then the right of voting is not in dispute, and there is no real point of difference between him and the women. It is hardly conceivable that the *manner* in which that right should be exercised can be of so much importance as to justify an invocation upon Paul, or the shades of the common law. The right once admitted, as it impliedly is by claiming it to be already properly exercised, of course there is nothing more left to quarrel about, except the mode of its enjoyment. And it does not change the principle involved, that the pretence that the right is exercised, is false and absurd.

Candor, however, compels us to say, that in the exordium to this assertion, he denies that suffrage is a natural right, and pronounces the principle that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed" to be an "egregious fallacy." This is worthy of mention only as it shows the proper classification of his genius to be among the hangers-on of classes and castes. He is not an American.

It is also perhaps due to the character of the Editor to bestow a passing notice upon his ingenuity in making out that married women do vote, and thereby extricating himself from what he evidently felt to be a tight place. It seems to be the more required from the fact that others of the same class are disposed to resort to the same trifling in order to relieve themselves from an oppressive position.

"Through the husband, as the family representative, she (the wife) casts a vote." If that be true, then the husband does not vote—is only the carrier of the vote of another.

"It is the family that votes and not the individual." Let us see: Suppose the family to be composed of the mother and three daughters; can there be any voting? On the other hand, suppose it constituted of the father and three sons, may there not be four votes? Suffrage is eminently individual, requiring no family associations. It would be no more absurd to say that the husband did not wear his hair short, but it was the family.

"Whoever deposits that vote, deposits it as the agent of the whole domestic community." Take for instance the family of a father and three sons, each voting; if each is an agent, where is the principal? The mother and three daughters, how are they to be represented?

Another position immediately follows this, not very consistent with it and substantially as follows:

Whenever the husband and wife cast different ballots the family ends and "organic life expires."

The husband and wife would always cast different ballots: *ergo*, the wife has no right to vote. Here we have the law of necessity, which always implies an abstract wrong; and the question occurs, why should the wife, instead of the husband, suffer? Thus far all his authority and all his logic are limited to wives. And if he has proved anything, it is only that disfranchisement and subordination are the necessary sequences of marriage, and by no means incidents personal to woman in any other connection.

SENEX.

☞Judge CORWIN of the Supreme Court, has decided the law passed by the Legislature of this state last winter to suppress the evils of intemperance not to have been enacted in the manner prescribed in the Constitution and is therefore void. If this be so the rumsellers can resume their soul destroying business with impunity as we believe there is no other law against it.

For The Lily.

GNATS AND CAMELS.

BY BELIND BUDGET.

"Well! *I* cannot see how these women can reconcile their movements with plain scriptural requirements," said Mrs. Harper to her sister, whom for the last half hour she had been vainly endeavoring to convince of the impropriety of the enlargement of woman's sphere.

Mrs. Miller dropped her sewing, leaned leisurely back in her easy chair, and replied very calmly, though very earnestly to her excited sister.

"I *can* see how they can do it, sister. I can see how that can be done, just as plain as I can see the letters in the Bible. I see it in glowing language radiating from every page, and uttering its reconciliation in every line. I see it divinely imprinted in the image of a Saviour, who left the shining courts of Heaven to proclaim justice, equality and redemption to a fallen and perverted race. There are so many gnats at which the people of our day strain, that they do not even look at the great camels they swallow so easily. 'Ye strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel.' This would be a capital text for some of our tight-jacket orthodoxy; perhaps they might explain the philosophical ratio of these animals in the moral world, or how far the lesser one must be from the other so that its huge dimensions may be obscured while the little gnat is strained at in agon[illegible]."

"But candidly, sister, how does it *look* to see women making such a fuss about *rights* which, mercy knows, we have more of now than we can half tend to?"

"*Look!* how does it *look?* that's just the way with you camel-eaters—you are so accustomed to the beaten track which you tread in, and the leading-strings of old, decrepit custom, that it frightens you to see one of your sex indulge in a new idea, even for a moment's reflection. How does it look to do right? That is the thing to decide upon. Show me one word from the lips of the Saviour in favor of this man-monopoly in the professional and business avocations of life, and I yield the point."

"I think, sister," said Mrs. Parker thoughtfully, "that you will find nothing commendatory from his lips of this attempted usurpation of rights and privileges which have been in possession of the male sex from time immemorial, until the present woman-rebellion."

"How came they by these rights and privileges? They are no more the natural or God-given rights of man than they are of woman. Our Savior commands us to do to others as we would wish them to do to us. Now look at some of these devoted men who are raising such stirring times about Woman's Rights, because the movement is 'so unscriptural.' Would they, as good, faithful, loving husbands, wish to become the property of their wives, and enter upon a state of nonentity as soon as the marriage vows were sealed? Would they surrender themselves prisoners of hope under bond and mortgage, and let wife do the business, wife own the property, wife control the children, wife command them to stay here or go there; and if she should get up a rum or tobacco excitement, administer a little moderate correction now and then, with a suitable weapon, such as her fist? Wonder if husband would not think this 'unscriptural,' after fifteen or twenty years experience? And then how smart he would feel asking wife for a *little money* to buy a hat, or cravat, or a tooth-brush! Oh! what glorious equality! What boasted republicanism! where one-half of the people own the other half!"

"Why sister" exclaimed Mrs. Parker, "I *do* believe your brain is getting turned with this constant ding about woman and politics; how can you talk so?"

"*Talk!* why it's easy to talk! You could not *help* talking if you felt as I do—I tell you I have felt many a time, while reflecting upon this, as though I must go out and preach the redemption of my race, though I should suffer martyrdom and perish at the stake for the innovation."

"But, sister Miles, you must allow me to quote scripture a moment now. 'Let your women keep

silence in the churches—if they will learn anything let them ask their husbands.' I hope my sister will consider this portion of scripture before she undertakes to preach."

"True, here is another gnat—now can't you see over its bill? If you can, then notice how quietly the camel is swallowed. Now put a drop of consistency into the mixture of indoctrination with which you would have us poor fanatics anointed, and follow Paul to the letter. Why don"t your church government *keep* the women 'silent in the churches?' Why do they stand up and sing? Why do they kneel down and pray in your general prayer meetings, where men and women kneel around the altar and pray together? Why do they rise up and talk and exhort in your class meetings, if it is their duty to keep silence? A woman may pray in your prayer meetings—she may grow zealous for the salvation of souls, and shout with the voice of a stump orator, and not one of the good deacons or class-leaders will call her to order. They will in all probability join their responses of amen! and amen! till if amen's would save souls there never would be a sinner lost. And yet if a word is said of a woman's preaching the gospel in a reasoning, convincing, converting manner, why, it's 'woman's rights!' 'infidel movement!' 'contrary to scripture!'"

"Well, sister," said Mrs. Parker, laughing, "I hope you will take measures to procure credentials before you professionally enter the pulpit."

"I have my credentials, my dear sister, and no human power can deprive me of them. When the meek and loving Mary sat at Jesus' feet drinking into the depths of her soul the words of Divine wisdom, why was she not expelled from the circle that gathered around Him? Why did He not command her to assist her more time-serving sister in her cumbersome houshold service? What business had a woman to sit there? Let her wash dishes, or cook, or serve up the meal. Ah! 'Mary hath chosen the better part, and it shall not be taken away from her.' Why did He not rebuke the woman who touched the hem of His garment? What business had *she* to do that? Let her husband, or her brother, or her nearest kinsman beseech the great Physician for her. Ah! as she stood trembling and falling down before the mighty Savior, no unkind or repulsive look terrified her sinking heart; no unkind word fell upon her ear, but, 'Daughter be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace.' And when there were women standing at the tomb where had been laid the crucified body of a Redeemer, what message did they receive from the young man whom they saw there in shining garments? Did he tell them that they were women, and might go home and rock the cradle, but not preach? No! plainly he *commanded* them to preach—if ever there was a command given, these women were commanded to preach a Savior's resurrection. 'Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, he is risen; but go your way, *tell* his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee.' Was not that doing as that woman will do now if she goes forth to preach the gospel? What else will she need to preach but a crucified and risen Savior, and the spotless example of his life of purity, love and mercy, which alone is sufficient to perfect the happiness of all mankind, were it truly imitated? It is strange indeed that the angel should first proclaim the Savior's resurrection to woman—that the Savior himself should first appear to a woman after his resurrection, and that woman should be the first to bear the news to his disciples, if indeed woman must never *afterward* proclaim the glad tidings of his mercy to a sinful world, for the redemption of which He suffered death. Oh, who that has ever felt a Savior's love shed abroad in the heart, filling it with the divine precepts of love and kindness, of justice and humanity toward the whole world, irrespective of rank or condition, that does not blush at the heartlessness of many of His professed followers who are so very zealous to keep woman under scriptural regulations; who endeavor to keep her mind fully impressed that she is really a woman, and nothing else; and that if she is a working woman, there is housework 'to be did,' and children to be taken care of, and pantaloons to be patched, and stockings to be darned; and if she is a playing woman, there is a piano to be fingered, and pictures to be daubed, and servants to be scolded; there is also a sofa to loll on, and a carriage to ride in; as for *thinking*, there is plenty of *men* to do that, and make the laws, and take care of the property; women have no bnsiness to meddle with 'men's matters'—let them attend to their own affairs."

"Really! sister Miles, you frighten me."

"Glad if I do—it is time you were frightened. But lest you lose your wits I will leave you to your own reflections, for it's almost time for my husband to be home, and if tea is not ready at the moment, it's possible that I may hear a text on 'man's rights;' so good afternoon, sister dutiful," and bowing very pleasantly, Mrs. Miles stepped across the street and entered her own peaceful dwelling.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE LAW—A CASE IN POINT.

Mrs. Bloomer:—A friend has just forwarded to me a copy of the Memorial of Mrs. C. M. Severance in behalf of woman's right in respect to property &c., presented and read to the Senate of Ohio, March 3rd, 1824, which I have read with the deepest interest, and I would that a copy of it were placed in the hands of every wife, mother, and daughter in our State. It is a lamentable fact that many of our sex are ignorant of the minutia of the laws to which they are, or may be, subject. Such is the enlightened sentiment of the present age that comparatively few men are found to exercise that arbitrary power which the law grants the husband over the personal liberty of his wife; and in many cases brought before the courts in Ohio, decisions have been made by an intelligent jury granting rights to the wife and mother for which the law gave no precedent. Were it not thus, and were we made to feel the full force of the powers vested by law in the sterner sex, as is the case in less civilized countries, we should (unless we were the slaves we are deemed to be,) rise *en masse* in the majesty of moral power and sweep such contemptible insult from the statute book.

But there are yet other laws in which our personal liberties are not involved, but by which we are not less deprived of our just rights. And of the injustice and inhumanity of these full many can speak from experience; although few as yet have the courage to break through the thraldom of ages and come forth and boldly claim just retribution. A case in point with which I was well acquainted may serve as an illustration.

Jane Reed was left a widow at the early age of twenty-two—deprived of the best and noblest of husbands by the mal-practice of a renowned surgeon, (whose daring in the art of human butchery had won for him a name and fortune—an act for which she could not by law claim a shadow of redress. True, she might in the name of the commonwealth of Ohio have prosecuted for manslaughter, which would, if proven, have placed the aggressor in the penitentiary until, through the influence of his political friends, his pardon should have been sealed by a party governor, and he released to consummate his work and add new victims, *alias* trophies to his high sounding title. But not the smallest portion of his wealth could be seized upon for the support of those children whom he had rendered fatherless; and could it have been so, she doubtless would have spurned it as the price of blood. Her husband had been one of those high-minded and generous souls who, forgetful of self, are ever ready to contribute to the necessities of those around them. Himself left in childnood a destitute orphan, his sympathies were ever enlisted for the widow and the fatherless. And this disinterested spirit, together with a social disposition which led him to enjoy the pleasures of society and the comforts of life, had prevented the accumulation of a fortune, although in a lucrative business which afforded an abundant support for his family, and enabled them to lay by yearly something towards a competence. One year before his death, this sum, amounting to a few hundreds. had been invested in a claim upon western land, which had been proven false, ann thus their bright hopes and prospects dimmed.

But John Reed was not one to repine or look long upon the dark side of the picture. His eye ever turned to the brighter. Boldly and manfully he continued to push forward until stricken down by disease, and made the victim of a fatal experimental operation.

The young wife and mother, nearly overwhelmed by this sudden and awful bereavement, now began to realize for the first time the protection of the law over the widow and the fatherless. The state of her health being such she deemed it advisable not to act as administrator of her affairs, a privilege allowed by law, and for which we should give our law makers due credit. An administrator was therefore duly appointed and appraisers chosen, who proceeded to take an inventory of her property and give her her allowance by law. But being men not entirely destitute of humanity they scorned the contemptible enumeration of the most common articles of family use, and kindly allowed her to select from such articles as the law allowed what was necessary for her family—not limiting her to one sugar bowl, six cups and saucers, a teapot, milk pail &c., as the law directs. Next they proceeded to assign to her a year's support. One hundred and fifty dollars was considered a more than usual amount given for the support of a widow with but two children to care for; but this liberal sum, in consideration of delicate health, absence of friends &c., was humanly meted out to her. This sum was to be raised from the sale of the personal property not allowed her by law; and she was informed that such articles as she chose to retain at the price of appraisal might be deducted from her year's support. These were mostly the bequests of her parents, or the result of her own earnings, and were all dear to her as associated with the remembrance of her lost companion, and necessary for the comfort and convenience of her family. There was her bureau containing the clothing of her children—her chests and trunks—the cradle and rocking chair in which she was wont to hush to slumber her orphan babes; her husband's desk containing his writing materials at which she could almost fancy she saw him seated as was his custom in his hours of study; the instrument on which he played, and to the sound of which his first-born had so often kept time with the movements of his tiny feet; the work-table at which she had so often been seated in industrial occupation while his voice in reading beguiled the loneliness of the hour; all these and many more seemed either too necessary or too dear to be parted from. But she could not afford to retain them, and choking down her rising emotions she selected a few of the most necessary articles, which were promptly deducted from her year's support. This done and her necessary arrangements made, she found that little more than enough of her liberal year's support remained to enable her to return to the distant home of her parents, where the doors of the paternal mansion were open to receive the stricken one and her helpless brood. Before leaving, she took pains to ascertain the amount of expenses attendant upon her husband's sickness and death, and found it to amount to only fifty dollars. There being no other debts, and of his fees for official service over two hundred remaining unpaid, besides a small amount due on personal property, she still hoped that she might at least receive one hundred, which would defray the expenses of expected sickness, and prevent her becoming an entire burden upon her aged parents until she should be able to do something for her own support. This hope encouraged her in many a darkened hour when sickness visited her, and she looked in utter helplessness on the dear ones at her side. But no cheering remittance came; and at the end of a few months she was coolly informed by letter that a lawyer had been employed to close up her business—that only enough had been gained to pay the expenses of settlement and she need expect nothing more!

But I will not here attempt to pursue the sequel of the history of her widowhood. Those only who have themselves known the utter desolation of the widow's heart when she looks upon her little ones dependent upon her for support, and sees the avenues to almost all lucrative em-

ployments closed against her—who have eaten of the bitter bread of dependence and yet received it with thankfulness—or have toiled through weary weeks and months for the pittance which would be granted to man for one-fourth of the same labor—such only can picture it. Enough, she still lives. Although yet in the prime of life the weight of double her years seems upon her; yet she is no longer a widow. Years passed, and wearied with the trials and toils attendant upon a state of poverty and widowhood, and yielding to the suggestions of officious but well meaning friends, that it would be better for her and her children to marry again, she was induced to accept the proposals of one who neither offered or sought the affections of the heart, but who found himself in a situation to need a house-keeper. The bargain was concluded in a summary manner, as would be the sale of a piece of property, and the twain became *one* in the eyes of the law. Yes, *one*; for the individuality of the woman ceases at marriage. No longer the guardian of her children, she has lived to see them grow up under a system of petty tyranny more galling to her sensitive nature than we can describe. Her health has sunk under the labor and cares of a double and still increasing family; and should she continue to the common age allotted to mankind, she has no other prospect, (from the great disparity of years between herself and husband,) but again to be left a widow, and with her little ones be set off with a meager portion for maintenance, while the senior children of her husband, who have been reared, educated and received a good portion of their father's estate as a set out can claim an equal share with the little ones who have as yet received nothing, and who, deprived of the strong arm of the father, can only rely upon a feeble, broken-hearted mother for support; and should they lose her, are at the mercy of whomever the law may appoint as their guardian, who can, if so disposed, by direct charge take the last farthing to pay for their maintenance. Such is the justice of the law. Yours,

META MILLWOOD.

If Meta sends us another communication—as we hope she will—we would ask that she use blacker ink. The above has lain on our hands some time from the fact that it was impossible for the compositor to decipher the faintly traced words, and we have not sooner found time to copy it. If not correctly copied in every particular, it is because our eyes were not strong enough to decipher it. [Ed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Letter from Mrs. Gage.

ST. LOUIS, June 20th.

DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—I have just returned from my trip West. Found all well as usual at home, and now have to report words of good cheer for both the Temperance and Woman's Rights reforms in Iowa.

Their restrictive Liquor Law, though it has not wholly eradicated the evil, has had great effect. It has been a kind of girdling process, staying the sap of profit from those prolific branches of the great upas tree of our dear native land—the *grog shops*; and in the interior of Iowa they are not often found. I saw no hotel or tavern where it was kept to sell by the small, or indeed kept at all; hence, there was not a congregation of loafers at every hotel door. The "noise and confusion" were not so great, nor smoke and filth so superabundant as around the liquor licensed towns of Ohio. Laws will have their effect, and the voice of the few, however rebellious, will not sway the many, where truth and right and their own consciences are all in the scale to outweigh an acknowledged wrong. Any law or established usage, founded on the well-being of all, will in time vitalize the community. Success then to your good work in Ohio. If it is not just what you asked for, take it as it is, and make the most of it. And if your women do not stand by every drunkard's wife, and prompt her on to do her duty, you will not do all your work.

The law has long recognized the sin of drunkenness as one of so heinous a nature as to entitle any woman to a divorce. But few women wish to burst asunder life's holiest, dearest ties. But now that the law allows any woman, as it were, to protect her own household, to secure the love of her being from pollution, to check the wandering footsteps, cool the fevered brain, and strengthen by law and right the weak and wavering, tempted nature, Oh! by all that is good and true and beautiful in the Home and its joys, we exhort them to do it.

How hopeful are the times. Dark, and dreary, and terrible as are the conflicts now moving the great elements of the political and moral world, I see the day is breaking. Light is crimsoning the east and casting its cheering radiance over the west. But to my journey.

I believe I was a pioneer, in the part of Iowa over which I passed, upon the Woman's Rights question; and the hearts of the dwellers in this rich, fertile and beautiful country seemed like their own soil, generous, genial and warm. Oskaloosa is a rare place, of its age—rare in its location, more rare still for its morality and intelligence. I gave them four lectures, and parted from them with an earnest hope that destiny would lead me thitherward again.

Ottumwa and Farmington, at which points I gave lectures, are very fine, growing towns on the Des Moines. At Farmington I met "Kate Harrington," author of the "Emigrants" and other poems. A rare specimem of a girl she is too; and if any young gent of your acquaintance wants a complete arrangement in a prairie home, he could not find it more genially embodied than in our Kate—the Singing Bird of the west. But whisper at the same time, that her legal existence is a little *too free* to be "suspended in that of her husband;" and her wings too strong to be pinioned by a tyrant's will. Love and liberty *might* win her from the skies—restriction would drive her there.

At Keokuk I met with some lions—but like old Christian's they were all chained. I could not obtain a suitable hall for lecturing, on account of other engagements, so gave one Woman's Rights lecture in the school house, but were kindly invited to give a Temperance lecture on Sabbath eve in the Baptist church. The Ladies' Temperance Society also invited me to speak in one of their regular meetings. This was a new era to me; for my woman's rights doctrines have too often excluded me from the confidence of Lady Temperance societies in Ohio. At Dayton you will remember, the ladies refused to meet with, or recognize the State organization because women used the platform—which right they did not recognize.

But the Keokuk ladies have found a better wisdom. A bold and noble band are they; not afraid of losing their influence by calling to their aid any earnest co-worker in the cause of humanity. Heaven bless them, every one! When such as they join hands against the foe of domestic peace and love, the world will feel the effort.

I gave 25 lectures on the two great subjects of reform, Temperance and Woman's Rights, (which indeed seem but one, so closely are all the interests united,) while in Iowa five weeks, and I returned home with renewed health, strength and hope, to resume my post in the household during the debilitating heat of summer.

The cholera is in the city, but confined chiefly to the emigrants—much worse in the newspapers than anywhere else. Mississippi in fine stage—business brisk, and all the fashionables go *East* or to the Falls of St. Anthony. The west goes east and the east comes west; when may I look for you? Yours, F. D. GAGE.

☞A new semi-monthly paper has been started at Connersville, Ind., called the LADIES' TEMPERANCE WREATH. It is edited by M. Louisa Chitwood and Lovinia Brownlee. We wish the ladies success in their new enterprise. Terms $1.

☞What a difference there is in women! Some like ministering angels, strew flowers and scatter blessings along the rugged path of life; while others, by their malevolence and pride, increase its sorrows an hundred fold.

For The Lily.

INTEMPERANCE.

Were I possessed of all the might
And power that Genius owns, I deem
I could not, would not choose to write
Upon a darker, deeper theme.
But now 'tis almost vain to try,
For oh, I've not the blessed art
To treat a theme so broad and high,
With skill and force and energy,
Enough to touch the heart,
And make each hidden, flexile string
Vibrate to joy or suffering.

And yet perhaps my heart may feel
As deeply pained, as full of woe,
As those who write with so much skill,
About the "deadly, bitter foe."
But tho' I've not the power to wreak
Thought on expression, yet, perchance,
I may somehow or other speak
My feelings out, for I can shriek
Oh! cursed Intemperance!
And I could shout, if, from this world,
The monster were in vengeance hurled.

For I have seen the evil caused
By this Apollyon, in our land,
And in the path of life I've paused
To count his blind disciples, and
To count the noble spirits bowed
To dust, by this same child of hell,
And torn hearts crushed by those who vowed
To love—and then I've groaned aloud.
But oh, I *could* not tell,
Though I possessed a thousand tongues,
The number of these ruined ones.

Oh, it is terrible! but what
Can I, a simple maiden, do?
For Providence has cast my lot
In humble life, and when I view
This drunken world, I can but sigh.
And yet I've life, and I have breath,
And freedom, and if I should try,
Why couldn't I, yes, even *I*,
Help put this foe to death,
By mice-like gnawing some frail thread,
That helps to join his hydra-head?

I bless my fellow-sisters, they,
Who labor earnestly to free
Our earth from guilt, and drive away
This one great cause of misery.
I bless them, they who live to cheer
The drooping with angelic arts,
And self-denying, linger here
To wipe away the mourner's tear,
And bind up broken hearts.
I love them, they who live to bless
The world with deeds of tenderness.

And Oh, my heart's affections rush
To *all* who labor to advance
The cause of truth, and strive to crush
The spirit of intemperance.
But I'm consuming precious time
On this attempt at verse, I see,
So begging pardon for the crime
Of writing dull, insipid rhyme
In place of poetry
I, dear reader, now bid adieu
To paper, pen and ink, and you.

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